



SOCIETY and PERSONAL ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



SOCIETY

Mrs. R. R. Stewart, 1233 Mishawaka av., entertained informally Wednesday afternoon at a courtesy to her sister, Mrs. George R. Pratt, of Wayne, Ill. Two tables of bridge were played, the favors being given to Mrs. Harvey Rostler and Mrs. Perry Fulton and the guest favor to Mrs. Pratt. Tea was served following the game.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Frances Mary Lyon, daughter of Mr. Edwin H. Lyon, of Ann Arbor, Mich., and Joseph H. Cannon, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Cannon, 319 N. Cushing st., which took place Monday afternoon at Ann Arbor. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. T. Webb, of St. Andrews Episcopal church at the Delta Gamma sorority house. Mr. and Mrs. Cannon will reside at Ann Arbor.

The regular dance at the Country club last evening was attended by about 80 couples, the music being played by the Tokio orchestra. Reservations for the dinner preceding the dance were made by E. K. Culver of Culver, Ind., who entertained a party of 19. H. C. Hinds had reservations for eight, Judge Leon Goss for six, John Woolverton, Jr., for six, A. R. MacDonald, five, Horace V. Kimble, five, J. M. Stephenson, three, and H. W. Eldredge for two.

In honor of the sixth birthday of her daughter, Mrs. Ellen, Mrs. Frank Christman, 555 Park av., entertained 15 children Wednesday afternoon. Kindergarten games and a grab bag were featured, following which refreshments were served on the lawn.

The North circle of the Ladies Aid society of the Lowell Heights M. E. church met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. W. U. Jeffries, 1247 Campbell st. The afternoon was spent with sewing and a picnic supper was served on the lawn at 6 o'clock to 50 members and their families. A business meeting will be held two weeks the place to be announced later.

Miss Norene Lanning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Lanning, 429 Lincoln way E., and Louis E. Shirk, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Shirk.

Today's Fashion



A COMFORTABLE SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY.

4092. This is a good model for linen, galatese, kindergarten cloth, and also for serge and velvet. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

This pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 12 cents in silver or stamps.

Fill in Coupon.

No.

Size

Name

Street

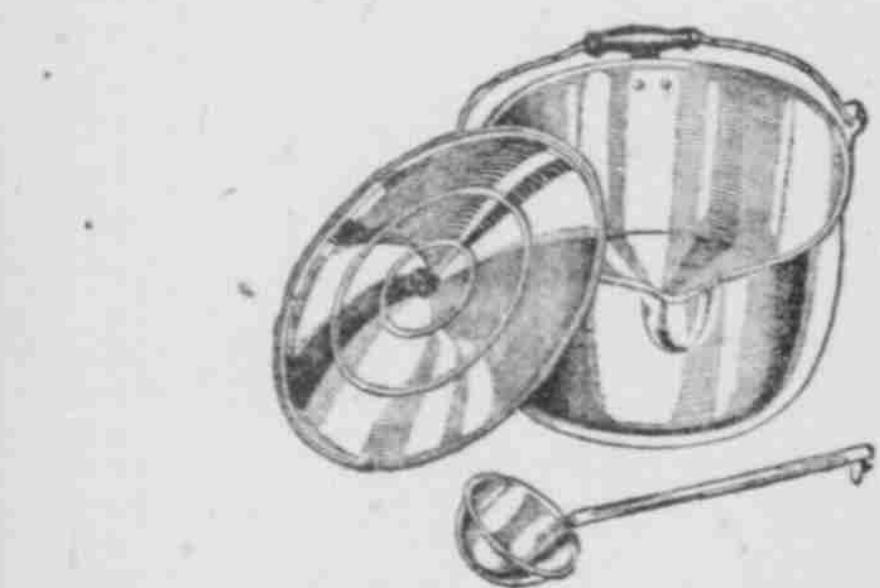
Town State

As these patterns must be sent for a week is requested to fill orders.

Send 12 cents in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1927-1928 BOOK OF FASHIONS.

At Wheelock's

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Three-Piece Aluminum Preserving Sets

Another Shipment of these excellent "Life Time" Sets just received. Set consists of—

1—10 quart Kettle
1—12-inch Insert Cover
1—1/2 pint Ladle

Special
\$1.45

Complete line of canning and preserving supplies.

George H. Wheelock & Company

217 N. St. Louis blvd., were quietly married Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock at the parsonage of the First Methodist Episcopal church. Dr. Albert E. Monger, officiating. The couple was attended by Miss Mary Kathryn Pattison and Albert Hepler.

The bride wore a becoming coat dress of dark blue velvet with a small blue velvet hat and her corsage was of Killarney roses. Miss Pattison's gown was of black Canton crepe and she wore a picture hat of black panne velvet. Her corsage was of sweet peas. Mr. and Mrs. Shirk left for Chicago immediately after the ceremony and will be at home upon their return at 429 Lincoln way E.

The engagement of Miss Mary Margaret Manning, daughter of U. Grant Manning, 735 Park av., and Charles L. Makemon, of Chicago was announced Wednesday afternoon at a bridge party given by Miss Manning and Mrs. Gaal Seybold at Miss Manning's home. The tea table was centered with a basket of artistically arranged garden flowers in the shades of pink and blue. The corsage worn by Miss Manning was of white valley lilies and sweetheart roses. The announcement was made by telegrams sent to each guest, which bore the names of Miss Manning and Mr. Makemon. The favors at bridge were won by Miss Alma Collins, Miss Mary Rusa and Miss Verneice Elbel, while guest favors were given to Mrs. Edwin Hirsch of Chicago and Miss June Ball of Dowagiac, Mich. Miss Manning, who is a graduate of Rockford College, has since her return from school been very active in local social and club work. Mr. Makemon is a graduate in law from Northwestern University. No date has been set for the wedding.

The third annual reunion of the A. J. and Lydia Hardy family was held Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bellinger, with 30 members present. Following the dinner at noon a short program was given, several drum solos by Irvin Rhodes, of South Bend, were special features. Mrs. Leona Rhodes, of South Bend was the eldest member present and Roland Rhodes, of Walkerton was the youngest. O. B. Hardy, of Maple Grove was elected president. Oliver Hardy, of Jordan, secretary and treasurer. The reunion next year will be held at the home of J. A. Jester, South Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Hoffer, of South Bend, were married Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock at the parsonage of the First Methodist Episcopal church. Dr. Albert E. Monger, officiating. The couple was attended by Miss Mary Kathryn Pattison and Albert Hepler.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lee, 417 N. St. Louis blvd., Aug. 21, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Samadina, 1115 W. Division st., Aug. 19, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Goodsell, St. Joseph, Mich., Aug. 19, a son, at St. Joseph hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. John Naggy, 2317 Kemble av., Aug. 16, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. George Omacht, 438 N. Lafayette blvd., daughter, Aug. 22.

BIRTHS

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"Launching the Marriage Ship"—the Voyage Starts

By Zoe Beckley

SYNOPSIS

Has business, with its dreams of financial success, pushed love into the background of her young husband's consciousness?

FRED'S obsession with the possibilities of becoming a great auto salesman with the Gypsy Motor Co. But these worries disappear as the young couple arrive at their honeymoon camp in the woods.

GO ON WITH THE STORY
"Home—ours—humble and tiny and rough—but home and ours!" Connie stepped away from their little folding camp table set for dinner and with outspread arms took in the pretty scene.

Gypsy, shining with washing and care after the trip to the lake where the Dukes were camping, served as foundation to the tent.

Outside the tent proper was the extemporized dining-room, set immaculately as only a born housewife could do it. Gypsy's engine did duty as assistant stove. Beyond their little camp shone the lake in the pastel colors of a mild sunset.

Fred in khaki camp togs, fresh tan on his boyish face, easily looked the movie lover. Connie, in khaki, too—knickerbockers and shirt and high laced boots, her red-brown hair brushed smoothly back like a boy's, looked no less a figure from the silver-sheet.

"Home, eh?" bragged Fred. "Wait till you see the home I'll fix for you in New York. This is all right—as a camp. And look at Gypsy. Look at her, acting as half the outfit—wardrobe, stove, emergency bed—

room—say, Con, I bet I could get up a booklet on the fine points of Gyp as a camping car."

"I dare say you could, dear," Connie smiled, a little put out at the inevitable way Fred's mind ran off with Gypsy at every turn.

"And I'm sure our home in New York will be a darling. But just now this is our home—our very first home, dearest, made with our own hands and—"

"There, dear—and blessed pretty hands they are," he broke in, taking the hands and putting them to his lips, kissing backs and palms and fingers. "They could pose for an ad!"

The hands stopped his lips, and slipped them softly.

"Now don't tell me they'd look fine for an advertisement of Gypsy!" she begged. "I don't want you to think of anything but this first home of ours—this dear first roof over our heads. Fred! Oh, I love it!"

"Not so bad," Fred danced out his chest and squinted round the place. "But it isn't a patch on what we're going to have when we hit the big town, eh, Mousie?"

There it was again—the big city. Always that thought. Fred's eager shining goal, impatient of delay, only tolerating what all the world bliss on earth, the honeymoon.

For the first time Connie felt a cloud pass. If lightly, over her perfect dream. She glanced at Gypsy and for an instant it almost seemed as though a third personality had invaded their dear privacy—at Fred's own invitation.

"Oh, my dear—" she rushed to put her arms about him. "You're not hungry for the city tonight are you?"

"No, sweet. What a funny question."

(To Be Continued)

that I only had provided her with a whip for my flagellation.

"Of all things," she began. "Well, I'm going to sit right down now and wait for the world to come to an end. YOU asking ME what you'll wear for dinner when there's a good-looking man as a guest. It would be a pile of use my telling you, wouldn't it? Judging by the performance the night that young whippersnapper of a Tom Chester was here, you'll dress up in your best bib and tucker. Don't ask me, for I haven't any advice to give you. If you don't know what's proper and fitting, at your age, nothing I could say would teach you anything."

With an effort that brought every nerve in to play, I grimly put down the impulse to answer her outrageous tirade. Instead, I walked calmly to the linen closet, took out the articles for which she had asked, carried them into the guest room and laid them upon the bed. Then still silent, I left the room, and sought the flower garden, where I gathered a big cluster of scarlet and orange nasturtiums, relieved their vivid color with a few blossoms of white cosmos, and a spray or two of feathery ferns and arranged them in a bowl of brown pottery. Then I stepped back and admired my own handiwork with the lessening of tense nerves which flowers and their arrangement always bring to me.

Dr. Pettit's Report.

"That's perfectly breath-taking, Madge!" Lillian's admiring voice broke in behind me. "Where are you going to put it?"

"In Dad's room," I returned, wondering a second later why I had answered as I had. I certainly had intended the flowers for the guest room assigned to Allen Drake, but at Lillian's question there had suddenly flashed over me an inexplicable revulsion against my putting them there.

"Have you time to do something for me?" I asked.

"Loads," she answered promptly. "Then I wish you'd fix something in the flower line for the room of my Lordship, Mr. Drake," I said.

"Of All Things!"

She snorted violently, and I knew that I had overdone the patient Griselda pose. With a vivid memory of the time she had accused me of dressing for Tom Chester's approval, I had thought to disarm her by my request, but instead I found

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"Mother Graham's on the war path up there, putting the best linen and everything else on display, and she's depending on me to do the fancy things. But if I look up the other articles she wants, I shan't have time for the flowers, or to dress."

"Of course, I'll do anything you like," she said, "but I'm no such dabbler at flowers as you are, my dear. However, I imagine he'll not linger long over posies when he knows what's up. I didn't tell you about Herbie's report."

"No," I returned, laconically. In truth, I had been slightly piqued that after Dr. Pettit's return from attending the man Smith at the Briggs home, she had said no word to me of the result of the physician's call.

"It wasn't much," she said, "except that the gifted Mr. Smith will have to spend nearly a week with his foot upon a chair, which just suits my plans perfectly."

"There's a young man here, I would like to meet, and there are some girls and other young men I would like to have meet this young man. He speaks to me every time he sees me. Do you think it would be all right for me to speak to him, as I am lonesome and want to meet some of the people here?"

LONESOME M. A.

LONESOME M. A.: Wait until you are properly introduced to the young man, my dear. This is the only correct way for you to become acquainted with him. Don't speak to him before he speaks to you. He might lose all respect for you if you did.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a girl in my "teens" and I am very much puzzled what to do. I go with a young man two years my senior. He is very nice, but he thinks a lot of another girl. She is a good friend of mine. I cannot think the same of her on account of her going with this young man. We are not engaged, but just have an understanding.

What would you advise me to do? I think a great deal of him. Would you talk to him in a friendly way?

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

When is it permissible for a girl to give a young man her picture? I met a young man about six months ago, and we seemed to like each other very much. When he went home he wrote to me, and we have

been writing to each other regularly ever since. He has asked me a number of times to send